

The Elephant in the Room

by Darrien Hertzler

There's an elephant in the room.
It's very large, and hard to get around,
But it's possible to squeeze by with a
"How are you?" and "I'm fine."
Plus, the thousand other ways
You can check on me without bringing it up.
Yes, we all know she was murdered at five.
Yes, we know her dad and stepmom did it.
However, it seems taboo to mention it, so
We talk about work, school. Weather, and anything
Anything but the elephant in the room.
We all know it's there, and
We all think about it as we talk.
It never goes away;
Just gets bigger and bigger.
It's so large it hurts us all.
Don't bring it up to her family though
For that could be their last straw.
You know, the one that broke the camel's back.
Don't talk about the elephant in the room
We might all lose it.
Say her name repeatedly though, and
Talk about her wonderful, though short life.
Maybe talk about her death just a little
It might make room
Room to grow, but
If we don't talk about the elephant
I feel like I am alone with
Just the room and its elephant
Because it's like being smothered.
The event happened in 2011
It's now 2018
The elephant makes my heart
Feel as if it cannot beat.
For I miss her dearly
For two days before the murder
We curled her hair,
And did her makeup;
Standing in my grandmother's bathroom.
I remember my teacher saying it was fake,
But I remember the pain
Of losing such a beautiful soul,
So please always talk about
The elephant in the room.